

**RICK SULLIVAN'S**

Criticism/correspondence welcome. Write Gore Gazette,  
c/o Sullivan 73 N. Fullerton Ave., Montclair, N.J.  
07042. Subscriptions are \$13.00/yr. to cover postage.

# GORE GAZETTE

60¢

YOUR GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION & SLEAZE

No. 83



ALTHOUGH HE COULD PASS QUITE EASILY FOR THIS SEASON'S HERPES POSTER BOY, THE UN-  
FORTUNATE SAP DEPICTED ABOVE IS ACTUALLY BEING CONSUMED FROM THE INSIDE OUT BY  
THE DEADLY BREEDERS, THE NEWEST RELEASE FROM NY'S OWN TIM KINCADE. THE FILM WILL  
HAVE ITS WORLD PREMIERE ON MAY 26 AT MANHATTAN'S LIMELIGHT CLUB AND ALL G.G. READ-  
ERS ARE INVITED TO ATTEND!! (SEND AN SASE C/O OUR ADDRESS FOR FREE PASSES !!!!)

Most doomcasters who, in the imminent end of movie theatres as a result of the VCR revolution postulated that the first genre of cinema to feel this effect would be the grade B and exploitation releases, with major studio productions experiencing a significant attendance fall-off soon afterward. Each of the nine films reviewed in this issue of the G.G. performed abysmally at the box office, lending some credence to this formerly-outlandish prediction. Gorehounds are urged not to get lazy and wait around until recent gore releases pop up in their local video stores. Remember, the total sleaze experience is not only in the film itself. The urine-stenched and jizz-encrusted theatre, wild trailers, and babbling ethnic masses all contribute to the enjoyment and wild vicariousness of a trip to the grindhouse, none of which can be experienced by sitting comfortably at home in the squallor of your apartment. Low-budget and exploitation films cannot continue to be produced for sale solely to video and without consistent gorehound patronage, downtown urban theatres will become extinct -- so get up off your ass and go to the movies, save your VCR for viewing obscurities and unreleased oddities only!

THE BOYS NEXT DOOR: Pity the plight of Penelope Spheeris, gut-wrenching/exploitation/director supreme, who either because of her sex or outspoken nihilistic political stance is relegated to the dreaded art house lobster film circuit with nearly all of her releases. Both THE RISE AND FALL OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION and SUBURBIA (an excellent documentary and drama respectively on the 1980's burgeoning hardcore punk scene) were never released to mainstream theatres, with this past winter's flawed HOLLYWOOD VICE SQUAD (which did go wide) hastily directed for hack Sandy Howard seemingly for some quick rent money. Unfortunately, with THE BOYS NEXT DOOR, New World Pictures has chosen to put Spheeris back on the art pedestal again as this violent 88 minute portrait of two teen psychopaths played only near N.Y.'s Lincoln Center and one gender-blender Greenwich Village shoebox instead of 42nd Street and Broadway where it clearly belonged. Two neo-illiterate California high school graduates decide to spend a last wild weekend in L.A. before embarking on a blue collar future as factory workers in a steel mill. This wild weekend entails such festivities as smashing in of the skull of an Iranian gas station attendant, beating and shooting a homo, blowing the brains out of a necking couple, splitting the skull of an old woman with a beer bottle and the rape/strangulation of an aging hippie woman before the eventual shoot-out with the police in a trendy L.A.

shopping ... all ... the course ... Easily Spheeris' best work to date, ST FIRE rejects Maxwell Caulfield and Sheen shine as the brain-twisted dorks Penelope adding hefty doses of graphic and unflinching sadism that had most art bea heading for the exit doors before a half hour of the film had unspooled. If gorehounds get a chance to catch up with this elusive gem, ignore the hopelessly misdirected homosexual overtones New World has concocted for their ad and poster campaign: THE BOYS NEXT DOOR is gritty exploitation at its best that deserves a shot at area third world venues.

THE TOXIC AVENGER- After endless lavish photo spreads in Fangoria and heavy doses of company-induced hype for well over a year now, the long-awaited TOXIC AVENGER limped into N.Y. in a butchered 84 minute format shorn of almost all of Jennifer Aspinall's heavily-touted gore effects. Originally running nearly 100 minutes when screened last May at the Cannes Film Festival, the weak-willed directors at Troma Releasing knuckled under to the threats of an X-rating from the MPAA and cut a full 16 minutes out of the final release version in order to secure an R. What footage remains relegates TOXIC AVENGER to a corny T&A monster comedy in this derivative tale of a 98 pound nerd who falls into some canisters of radioactive waste and becomes an INCREDIBLE MELTING MAN-like crimefighting creature intent on cleaning out the crooks and hooligans from a small country town (Boonton, NJ - your editor's alma mater). Along the way the film is packed with the expected level of formula Troma staples: mucho bare breasts, banal humor and bad acting, until the monster is saved from death at the hands of a villainous mayor in a contrived finale. To add further alienation, the gore cuts were made poorly so that the bloodthirsty can easily tell what they're missing in well over a dozen scenes. Troma promises (wait a minute, be careful there!) that all the missing footage will be restored when TOXIC AVENGER is released on video this September, but as it stands now the film emerges an unsatisfying goretease that is best passed up by all.

APRIL FOOL'S DAY- After having reaped millions of dollars over the past six years with their FRIDAY THE 13TH series, the execs at Paramount Pictures decided to set their sights on another calendar date in hopes of starting an equally-lucrative sister series. Utilizing many of the F.T.T series' production crew, APRIL falls flat in its attempt to set up a psycho-slasher whodunnit within the framework of an unfunny yuppie send-up. Sultry heiress Deborah Foreman invites eight of her well-healed college chums for an April Fool's



d at the family's secluded island on. Amidst endless inane pranks, an assailant begins bumping off the teens one by one in goreless, off-screen nuffings. The bogus "trick ending" is telegraphed early on in APRIL's stupefyingly dull 88 minute length, leaving patrons who thought they were going to see a new "Jason sensation" screaming for admission refunds when the house lights come up. To further illustrate just how awful APRIL FOOL'S DAY really is, the G.G. staff caught the film at a screening at the Paramount Pictures screening room. At this supposed "highbrow" event, a narcoleptic projectionist skipped the entire forth reel of the film without us, the rest of the press nor any of the coke-addled Paramount brass catching the error until the presentation's end when the running time didn't check out. It is doubtful there could be a truer test of a turkey!

3:15 THE MOMENT OF TRUTH- The gang-war film, a sub-genre begun back in 1979 with Walter Hill's THE WARRIORS, has just about reached the nadir of its popularity cycle if box office reponse to this newest entry is any barometer. Adam Baldwin (hulking do-gooder from MY BODYGUARD) stars in this tautly-packaged low budgeter as an ex-gang member turned studious jock who is falsely accused of assisting narcotics cops on a drug raid against his former comrades. Psychotic gang leader Cinco Rodriguez taunts Baldwin for the balance of the flick's 95 minutes, eventually ordering the assault of his girlfriend Deborah Foreman (slumming for the second time this month) and calling for a duel to the death on the high school grounds at the time of this epic's title. Until that blood-drenched finale, director Larry Gross packs 3:15 with enough realistic beatings, slashings and naked sluts of every denomination to help gorehounds forget they've been through this plot a zillion times before. A fine example of the dangerous trend warned about in our opening editorial; in past years a film of this caliber would have had them lining up on 42nd Street for a block to see the nasty wetback gang get their just desserts, but 3:15 brought in less than \$100,000 in one week at over 50 locations in the metro area. Support independent sleaze - see 3:15 today!

EYES OF FIRE- At a time when most gore and horror efforts are berated for their lack of originality, you gotta give screenwriter/director Avery Crounse an A for effort in concocting cinema's first zombie epic set in pre-Revolutionary America's frontier days. At that point the cudors stop as EYES is a ponderous, confusing mess concerning a group of religious reformers who are cast out of a

Puritan village and set out to build their own settlement in a Shaunee Indian valley that is reputedly haunted. Some unintelligible mumbo-jumbo about the land containing the blood of history's persecuted minions gives way to a nifty special effects showcase consisting of living trees, psychedelic protoplasm and a band of faceless living dead killers that rise from the murky earth at the film's finale, but this can't hope to rescue the 60 odd minutes of talky exposition and sheer tedium that lead up to this all-too-short segment. Filmed back in 1983 under the title of CRYING BLUE SKY, the flick ran what must have been an interminable 106 minutes before being thrown to N.Y.'s perennial film scavenger Terry Lavenne (Aquarius Releasing) who lopped off 16 minutes and devised the more marketable EYES OF FIRE campaign. Even with this facelift, EYES OF FIRE is soporific at best and recommended for pioneer gorehounds only.

CRITTERS- A quick glance at the publicity surrounding this sci-fi quickie from New Line Cinema would lead one to believe that it is merely another fast-buck GREMLINS rip-off, but Dominic Muir's wry, witty screenplay and same nifty creature special effects enable CRITTERS to rise above its obvious budgetary limitations. A band of tiny interplanetary "Krites" escape from their prison asteroid and crash-land on a Kansas farm where they spend the balance of the flick's quick 85 minutes terrorizing typecast alien/monster victim Dee Wallace Stone and her rural family. A sub-plot concerning a pair of galactic alien bounty hunters who shoot up most of the Kansas countryside in TERMINATOR fashion add to the brisk comic-book pace of this neo-parody. Gorehounds should not be put off by the film's PG-13 rating, as the monsters' (who resemble Tasmanian Devil-ish furballs, and even say "fuck!" when they get mad) attacks are fairly violent, displaying an ample amount of bloodspurting and flesh-tearing usually not found in the parameters of this rating. Hard core sadists will scoff as by the film's finale only one person is actually killed, but overall CRITTERS is an enjoyable (albeit derivative) trash tidbit that will amuse horror fans of all ages.

MURPHY'S LAW- Sleaze fans should give a special commendation to Charles Bronson who over the past three years has consistently shirked artistic merit of any degree in an attempt to bring us the most base, violent and racially-stereotyped exploitation potboilers around. Whether blowing away Negroes in the ever-popular DEATHWISH series or saving poor Hispanics who get their testicles nailed to the floor by Nazi war criminals in THE EVIL

**THAT MEN DO**, one can always count on Charlie to deliver something to offend everyone. **MURPHY'S LAW** continues this trend as the aging Sam Buckler portrays an alcoholic detective accused of slaughtering his ex-wife and her lover in a fit of a drunken rage. The real culprit is Carrie Snodgrass (ex-Mrs. Neil Young), a murdering psychopath whom Bronson had arrested 15 years ago. Upon her release from prison, she seeks revenge on all involved in her conviction and vows to make Bronson suffer the tortures of hell before murdering him as well. The wild (but preposterous) storyline has Charlie break out of prison hand-cuffed to a foul-mouthed punkette he'd arrested hours before and the pair's attempt to trap Snodgrass while eluding pursuing police and the mafia (who are after him for insulting one of their chieftain's mothers in the first reel!). Action hack J. Lee Thompson (**HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO ME**, etc.) packs the flick with non-stop action, gobs of gratuitous violence and even a dash of nudity to make **MURPHY'S LAW** an 1980's update of **PLAY MISTY FOR ME** and a must-see for fans of relentless action and excessive bloodshed.

**LOW BLOW**- Not much room left as we go to press, but this Grade-Z no-budgeter features the return of the most out of shape kung fu fighter in showbiz, Leo Fong, and his battle to rescue Troy Donahue's daughter from the clutches of religious cult leader Cameron Mitchell and his evil black henchwoman Karma. On paper this might sound like a scream, but Fong acts worse in this epic than he did in **KILLPOINT** (his last vanity outing) with the usually hilarious Mitchell reduced to rambling mantras and prayers with Jew stars painted on his cheeks. Little else happens in the course of this stinker, with director Frank Harris literally giving a text-book example about how to make the most boring film possible. Originally titled **SAVAGE SUNDAY**, West Coast distributor Crown International changed the title when they picked **LOW BLOW** up for domestic distribution. This certainly described the flick more accurately - the budget is low and it really does blow!

**CUT AND RUN**- Ruggero Deodato, master of Italy's gross-out cannibal atrocities like **THE LAST SURVIVOR** and **CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST** brings us this confusing American co-production concerning cocaine piracy in the Colombian Andes. A top-notch cast of some of the best sleaze veterans (Richard Lynch, Michael Berryman, Gabrielle Tinti and - what's she doing here? - Karen Black) is wasted in this tedious, jumbled and ultimately unintelligible jungle adventure. Gorehounds lured by the Deodato presence will be sorely disappointed.

partners) sternly ordered the entrails and patented Italo ultra-violence kept out of this epic. As such **CUT AND RUN** is of no real interest and recommended to cocaine film completists only!

**FOR SALE:** Original one-sheet posters from the following films: Tobe Hooper's new **INVADERS FROM MARS**, **TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE II**, **ALIENS**, Lamberto Bava's **DEMON**, 1958's **FIEND WITHOUT A FACE** and the classic **POOR WHITE TRASH PT. 2**. All posters are in mint condition and cost only \$9.00 each (plus \$1.00 postage). Supplies are limited, so send your checks or money orders off today to the **G.G.** c/o our masthead address. Remember, your poster want lists are always welcome!

**RARE VIDEOS:** Good quality copies of the completely uncut **NEW YORK RIPPER** (Lucio Fulci's X-rated exercise in sex and gore that still remains unreleased in the U.S.), the full Italian cut of Dario Argento's **PHENOMINON** (butchered domestically down to 83 minutes and released here as **CREEPERS**, this version runs a full 105 minutes!), Umberto Lenzi's classic cannibal romp **DOOMED TO DIE**, the perennial 42nd St. favorite **THE PSYCHOPATH**, and **MANDINGO MANHUNTER**, a wild sleaze outing from the folks who brought us **MAKE THEM DIE SLOWLY** concerning an 8 foot giant naked Negro with bloody popping eyes who brutally rapes women and then eats their sex organs! Easily the **G.G.** find of the year! All titles are in **VHS ONLY!** and are available for \$19.95 each (plus \$2.50 postage). Please allow 4 to 5 weeks for delivery!!! Send checks or money orders to the **G.G.** c/o our masthead address.

The **G.G.** Film Series continues successfully at The Dive, 257 W. 29th St. (at 8th Avenue) in Manhattan. The program for the next few weeks is as follows:

**5/14: ILSA, TIGRESS OF SIBERIA**- The first NY screening of the third unreleased Ilsa epic!

**5/21: WILD GUITAR**- From the folks who brought you **EEGAH!**, classic 60's sleaze concerning frantic rockabilly, booze, drugs and diseased women. Booked by popular demand!

**5/28: I HATE YOUR GUTS**- A/K/A **FIGHT FOR YOUR LIFE**, this 1977 obscurity is easily the most racist film we've ever seen. What better way to highlight our third annual Negro night!

**6/4: MONSTER OF PIEDRAS BLANCAS**- The legendary Bruce Planty said this 50's classic would draw a big crowd. Come out and watch his balls get sliced off if it doesn't! All shows start at 8:00 PM sharp and feature the famous **G.G.** trailer reels. \$3 admission.

**COMING: DYANNE "ILSA" THORNE IN PERSON!**



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No. 84



A FORLORN ZOMBIE LASS SADLY REALIZES THAT SHE HAS FALLEN VICTIM TO ONE OF THE THREE "WORLD'S BIGGEST LIES" WHILE A SEXUALLY SATISFIED DEMON GLOATS OVER HIS CONQUEST IN DEMONS, THE LONG-AWAITED COLLABORATION BETWEEN DARIO ARGENTO AND LAMBERTO BAVA. THIS DISGUSTING LITTLE GEM EASILY HAS THE INSIDE TRACK FOR THE COVETED G.G. GORE-FILM OF THE YEAR AWARD AND COULD HAVE BEEN A MAJOR SPLATTER CLASSIC--IF IT ONLY HAD A PLOT.....

in last issue's G.G. preamble, we lambasted readers for their apathetic stance at the plight of urban grindhouses who have experienced an attendance fall-off of up to 40% since the beginning of 1986. Citing the current VCR revolution as the prime cause for sleazemongers' non-attendance, this past month brought to light a situation which might further explain why low budget horror and exploitation fare has reached a box-office nadir: extremely poor quality. Nearly all of the seven films reviewed in this issue of the G.G. were a chore to sit through, with both major and independent film companies releasing some of the worst-crafted, plot-devoid abominations seen in recent memory. Could it be that the bulk of the "fast lane" film industry has finally coked itself out to a point where they are unable to produce even low budget product with some semblance of coherence? You'd think so after viewing this dirty half-dozen. We're not letting lazy VCR-mezmerized gorehounds off the hook, but if film distributors want to get folks back to the theatres, they'll have to coax them with much better stuff than this!

IN THE SHADOW OF KILIMANJARO- Sporting one of the worst titles ever hung on a horror film, this 1984 filmed-in-Kenya epic concerns a supposed "true" event wherein a severe drought caused 90,000 baboons to go berserk and begin feasting on unsuspecting tribal Ubangis. Director Raju Patel couldn't decide whether he wanted to re-make BORN FREE or CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST as SHADOW awkwardly mixes lush African nature panoramas with grisly Umberto Lenzi-esque scenes of monkeys chewing off various limbs, torsos and faces of supporting cast members. Add an unnecessary sub-plot concerning wildlife ranger Timothy Bottoms and his visiting wife who wants him to return to Beverly Hills under the threat of divorce and the flicks overlong 97 minutes reach unbearable boredom that is never really alleviated by seeing some baboons graphically chomp up a Negro every 15 minutes. An unbearably cony cop-out ending really puts the final nail in the coffin of this clunker, leaving IN THE SHADOW OF KILIMANJARO a tedious gore-streamlined version of CUT OF AFRICA that is best left forgotten.

DANGEROUSLY CLOSE- Nearly a decade ago a gritty little exploitationer called MASSACRE AT CENTRAL HIGH raised some eyebrows in both urban venues and lobster art circles with a highly original tale of a group of rich WASP teen fascists who hold a school in the thrall of terror with their hatred of minorities and extreme code of ethics that indiscriminately used torture and murder to control their perrs. Screenwriters Scott

fields and John Stockwell must have known film well as DANGEROUSLY CLOSE is so derivative of MASSACRE that it could border outright plagiarism. Originally filmed under the title CHOICE KILL, low budget director Albert Pyun (SWORD & THE SORCERER, etc.) takes an MTV-like approach to the 80's-updated storyline, adding annoying fluid camera movements, color-coordinated set design, a new wave soundtrack and a flawlessly attractive cast to give the film a look and feel of a 95 minute music video. Younger sleazemongers who haven't seen the original film may get off on the implied Nazism, sadistic torture and effective (if sparse) bloodletting, but geriatric gorehounds will be jaded knowing that the story was done much more effectively in MASSACRE ten years ago with far more explosive violence. As such, DANGEROUSLY CLOSE can only be recommended as a pretentious, overblown "psychotic yuppies on the loose" unintentional comedy.

MOUNTAINTOP MOTEL MASSACRE- New World Pictures must have known they really had a dud on their hands with this opus as they only made up 22 prints of the film to be released regionally throughout the country. That scant number may have even been too many as MOUNTAINTOP, a product of the mutant father-son production team of Jim McCullough Jr. & Sr., is one of the most inept, plodding bores to hit the New York metro area since THE ALCHEMIST last January. So awful that it must have been produced to launder drug money or conceal some other nefarious act, the film concerns a fat old inkeeper named Evelyn who is released from a mental institution and returns to her motel where she begins knocking off her daughter and eventually passing guests with a rusty old garden sythe until a sheriff wrestles her to the ground in the flick's "breath-taking" finale, an interminable 95 minutes later. That's it.... No question as to the identity of the killer, no mysterious motives, no satanic possession, no abundant nudity, nothing - just a crusty old bag who stalks her victims with an obese waddle! The McCulloughs even use the most mundane and restrained gore effects when depicting the killings, leaving MOUNTAINTOP MOTEL MASSACRE a strong contender for being the worst mad-slasher film made to date. Far too long and talky to be acceptable on even a Grade Z level, this film is a textbook example of our gripe in the opening editorial.

POLTERGEIST II- Pity the poor Freeling family, brainchildren of Hollywood whiz-kid Steven Spielberg, who first had their cushy suburban California house devoured by demons in the 1982 box office mega-smash POLTERGEIST and now must return for further humiliation



a talky, budget-slashed sequel that looks if it were made for TV. This time out sans the winning stroke of Mr. S, screenwriters Mark Victor and Michael Grais have concocted a hokey, confusing explanation involving colonial religious zealots and American Indian folklore to show why those pesky spectres have followed the Freeling's across state lines into their new residence in Arizona. Richard Englund's special effects including some nifty monsters and rotting zombies are pretty imaginative, but since II obviously had about 1/5 of the production budget of the original it lacks the rip-roaring "everything but the kitchen sink" visual orgy of the first film and subsequently falls flat. The returning original cast seems lackluster as well, with the four years between films carving an indelible "we're only in it for the money" look on even the faces of the child actors. Calculated jolts are grossly mis-timed and the final confrontation between the Freeling's and the evil spirits is sorely disappointing, leaving POLTERGEIST II a delight to only the MGM Board of Directors who will no doubt reap mucho dinero from this limp sequel merely on the reputation of its predecessor. Skip it!

DEMONS- Easily the greatest disappointment so far this year, this long-awaited collaboration between Italian goremeisters Dario Argento and Lamberto Bava (son of Mario) is by far one of the goriest, sleaziest, sickest, most disgusting outings to come down the pike in a long time, but unfortunately the unrelenting repugnance is framed within a completely illogical storyline that would lead one to believe that these two repected pastamen had their proboscises buried in the blow jar throughout production. Argento sets up his standard way-out surreal plot—commuters are given free passes to a sneak preview at a strange forboding cinema with the action of the horror film being screened soon spilling out into the audience who become pus-oozing, flesh-eating, rabid zombies after one of them is scratched by the death mask of the prophet Nostradamus. From there, DEMONS becomes 85 minutes of non-stop first rate flesh-chomping, eye-gouging, vomiting, clawing, hacking, dismembering insanity that will have fans of hard core depravity salivating in the aisles and is certain to insure the flick the title of G.G. FILM OF THE YEAR for 1986. But the fact that these state-of-the-art gore pyrotechnics are left to flounder amidst a non-existent plot, glaring story inconsistencies, undeveloped characters and a cheesy cop-out ending, DEMONS emerges a mindless gorefix that doesn't come close to realizing its full potential. (Though a big letdown,



ILSA AT THE DIVE- DYANNE THORNE, SULTRY BEAUTY AND STAR OF THE LEGENDARY ILSA SLEAZE CLASSICS MADE A PERSONAL APPEARANCE AT THE G.G. FILM SERIES AT THE DIVE IN MANHATTAN ON JUNE 4. APPEARING ABOVE WITH HER UNIDENTIFIED YOUNG STUD, THE LUSCIOUS SLEAZE QUEEN SPOKE TO A PACKED HOUSE FOR NEARLY AN HOUR, DELIVERING ANECDOTES, SIGNING AUTOGRAPHS AND DISPLAYING AMPLE CLEAVAGE TO NEARLY 100 DROOLING FANS !!!

the film is still worth catching when compared to its current competition!)

INVADERS FROM MARS- Tobe Hooper has had a pretty rough time over the past dozen years. After hitting commercial success as a low-budget rural sleaze wizard in 1973 with the classic TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE, he was soon whisked away to Hollywood where before he knew it, he was given free reign to helm multi-million dollar productions. This poor little fish soon began to flounder in such

... with flop after flop ... to his track record from the embarrassing **FUNHOUSE** to his reported nervous collapse while directing **POLTERGEIST** right up through last summer's jumbled \$20 million disaster **LIFEFORCE**. Unfortunately, Hooper's sad saga drags on as **INVADERS FROM MARS** is an insipid attempt at camp and fright that once again proves the poor guy has trouble handling huge projects. Gorehounds are no doubt familiar with the **INVADERS** plot via the 1953 original; and the usually-creative Dan O'Bannon merely apes the predecessor in his flat screenplay, throwing in some corny dialogue and film nerd homages in a lame attempt at camp humor. Similar in smug tone and plodding execution to last summer's **THE EXPLORERS**, **INVADERS** takes a full 3/4 of an hour to get rolling and by then even Stan Winston's slimy Martian creations cannot save the film from being a crushing bore. Add to all this a cast that reads like a veritable "Who's Who of Hollywood Has-Beens" (Karen Black, Louise Fletcher, Timothy Bottoms, etc.), violence and F/X kept safely with the film's PG rating and **INVADERS FROM MARS** adds up to become a lackluster remake best left unmade. Hooper should go back to his Grade Z roots and churn out more sick quickies like his classic **EATEN ALIVE** before attempting anymore big budget blowouts!

**GIRLS SCHOOL SCREAMERS-** The scum-sucking scavengers at New York's Troma (we'll distribute anything) Releasing reach an all-time low with this trite, no-budget slasher dud concerning a group of college co-eds who spend a weekend cataloging antiques and rare art at a deserted eerie mansion. After nearly an hour of banal sexual innuendos (with no nudity whatsoever), the girls begin getting systematically snuffed in low gore fashion by an unseen assailant. Originally filmed back in 1984 as **THE PORTRAIT**, by the time the psycho is revealed to be a disfigured millionaire with a passion for incest in the flick's final ten minutes, most gorehounds will have wisely long exited the theatre or be watching the inside of their own eyelids before this hokey finale. Tediously long at its scant 83 minutes **GIRLS SCHOOL SCREAMERS** is yet another in a long line of Troma deceptions that dupe patrons with a juicy ad and poster campaign, but end up being embarrassingly amateur student films. Don't even consider this turd!

**R.I.P. G.G. FILM SERIES-** Sadly, on the night of Dyanne Thorne's appearance the management of The Dive in Manhattan informed us that that would be the last night the club would be open. Citing innumerable problems with insurance, landlords, etc., NY's finest

music/movie sleaze mecca has closed its doors permanently. After being the home of the weekly **G.G.** Film series for over three wild, fun-packed years, we'd like to take the time out to offer our sincere condolences and warmest thanks to the current owners Voots, Jack & Mack for putting up with some pretty offensive presentations and a rampantly beer-smuggling crowd. Best of luck in future endeavors, dudes! While on the subject, anyone who knows of a spot in Manhattan willing to harbor the finest in demented movies are urged to write c/o our masthead logo as there are at least 50 NY metro area gorehounds who no longer know what to do with their Wednesday nights (Club owners note: they have insatiable alcohol thirsts.) Help us please!

After zillions of requests, we've updated our video vaults and are now ready with an all-new **G.G. PRIVATE VIDEO LIBRARY LISTING** featuring some titles we don't dare offer in our regular print ads as well as some rare rock items and related genre curios. A paltry \$3 nets you a copy of this top secret file and your three bucks will be refunded with your first video order. How can you lose? Send off your order today to the **G.G.** today c/o our masthead logo.

**RARE VIDEOS:** Good quality copies of **I HATE YOUR GUTS** (a wild US-made rarity from 1978 that brought the crowd to their feet screaming at a recent Dive presentation and is most aptly described as a racist version of **LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT**), **CANNIBAL TERROR** (the latest in entrail-munching excess from our snuff-happy pals in Italy), **NIGHT OF BLOODY HORROR** (a little-seen late 70's grisly axe murder opus), **BARN OF THE NAKED DEAD** (our choice for the best horror title in the history of horror cinema, this chunk-blower has torture, freaks and nudity all tied up in one terse 90 minute package-recommended!), **CARNIVAL OF SOULS** (the uncut version of the ethereal living death classic) and **MURDERROCK** (Lucio Fulci's unreleased-in-the-US mix of gore and breakdancing!). All titles are in **VHS ONLY!** and are available for \$19.95 each (plus \$2.50 postage). Please allow 4 to 5 weeks for delivery!!! Send checks or money orders to the **G.G.** c/o our masthead address.





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BEWARE AMERICA!! PICTURED ABOVE IS THE ORIGINAL CANNIBAL BREAKFAST CLUB WHO'LL BE ROARING INTO YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD ON AUGUST 22 AFTER A 12 YEAR SCREEN HIATUS WHEN THE LONG-AWAITED TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE PART 2 IS UNLEASHED NATIONWIDE. CANNON FILMS HAS DECIDED TO RELEASE THE FILM UNRATED AND WITH 60'S DRUG MUTANT DENNIS HOPPER IN THE TITLE ROLE, IT IS DOUBTFUL THAT EVEN PERPETUAL BUNGLER TOBE HOOPER COULD SCREW UP THIS POTENTIAL SHOE-IN FOR 1986'S COVETED G.G. GOREFILM OF THE YEAR AWARD!!

Before diving headlong into this summer season's uncharacteristic bumper crop of sleaze fare, a sincere apology goes out to V. Vale and Andrea Juno, publisher of San Francisco's Re/Search for not plugging sooner their stupefyingly excellent issue #10 INCREDIBLY

STRANGE FILMS which is a 225 page smorgasbord of in-depth analysis, interviews, and rare photos spanning the entire era of exploitation films. It doesn't come much better than this, so gorehounds should not balk at sending off \$15 for a postpaid copy of the excellent



...respect to Re/Search...  
San Francisco, CA 94133 before the limited stock is depleted. Thanks to the kind folks at Re/Search for listing the G.G. in their "recommended" publications appendix, but please change the annual subscription rate from \$8 to our regular \$13 - we're making enemies fast!

**SWEET AND SAVAGE** - Popping up on 42 St. for a scant 5-day run in early June, this pretentious, arty shockudrama from Italy's Antonio Climati is a lumbering attempt to mix wildlife husbandry, curious religious sect activities, and existential philosophy via its prosaic, lobsterific narration that is really only an excuse to show nudity and real-life animal mutilations throughout its tedious 93 minute running time. Almost identical in execution to 1981's SAVAGE MAN, SAVAGE BEAST with its repugnant depictions of ground round time at the slaughterhouse and the bloody impaling of a school of dolphins (amongst other atrocities), even the minions of 42 St. know when their intelligence (and their wallets) are being insulted as SWEET AND SAVAGE was pulled from the posh Liberty Theatre before its full week run and labelled a box office disaster. We couldn't agree more, and hope that this will end the tide of low-brow animal snuff import documentaries once and for all!

**THUNDER RUN**- In this new VCR era where low-budget exploitation quickies are failing to recoup even their advertising expenses via theatrical release, Cannon Films wisely decided to eschew any print or TV ads and offer this Grade Z actioner to NY metro theatres for a flat \$100 per week in hopes of gaining even a miniscule return on their investment. Largely lumped at the bottom half of double bills at area venues, THUNDER is a rather vapid derivation of the ROAD WARRIOR theme featuring grizzled old alky Forrest Tucker (CRAWLING EYE, COSMIC MONSTERS) as a retired trucker hired by a mysterious government intelligence agency to drive a plutonium shipment across the desert to a hidden missile installation. Why the U.S. would hire Forrest and his brat pack grandson to drive a shaky rig when they have the Marines, Army, etc. at their disposal is the burning question throughout this 91 minute clunker as cheesy new-wave terrorists attack the duo to obtain the plutonium for their world revolution. Director Gary Hudson does what he can with the flick's non-existent budget, staging some neat vehicle crashes and brassy explosive pyrotechnics, but the lack of graphic gore or any nudity (the film's rated PG-13) relegates THUNDER RUN a poverty row made-for-TV throwaway, recommended for card-carrying members of the Forrest Tucker fan club only!

**AMERICA 3000**- Released simultaneously with the

happy gem was...ed for an A theatrical release but was subse... sentenced to the scrap heap after being off the screen at the Cannes Film Festival May. Filmed in Israel under the aegis of legendary Golan & Globus tag team, 3000 is quirky post-nuke adventure yarn concerning future where clans of barbarian women rule the Earth and enslave all men since they believe them to be responsible for the planet's holocaust. Prophecies tell the girls of the coming of the President who will someday restore order and balance to the chaotic world. Of course, a crafty caveman soon discovers a gold lame' radioactivity insulation suit and helmet along with laser rifles and a ghetto blaster (?) in a time capsule and poses as the President to get over sexually on the unsuspecting cave mamas. Other sub-plots throughout the film's 92 minutes include an evil band of lesbian brutes who seek to expose the President as a fraud, a group of handsome slave men who are kept merely as "semen seeders," and a 7 1/2 foot ape man who instantly clams the ghetto blaster for his own and spends the balance of the flick grooving to disco (which should set off the NAACP screaming racism), all of which keep this oh-so-dumb epic moving along at a brisk pace leaving AMERICA 3000 a corn pone success describable only as a PREHISTORIC WOMEN for the 80's!

**PSYCHO III**- Though trashed by most mainstream critics as an insult to the Hitchcock legend, this low-key third installment of the Norman Bates saga is packed with enough black humor and sardonic wit to make ol' Alfred grin in his grave. Underrated actress Diana Scarwid plays a shy nun who is torn between religion and strong sexual urges who flees to the quiet sanctuaries of the Bates Motel after an unsuccessful suicide attempt leaves a fellow sister dead. She soon falls for Norman who has his share of sexual hang-ups as well, (including the fact that she's a dead ringer for Janet Leigh), and the two seemed destined to become the special eduction couple of 1986 until mysterious disappearances of customers and townsfolk 'cause mucho persecution for Norman (and his mom). Directed by Norman himself, Tony Perkins crafts an involving whodunnit introducing various support characters who all would have motives for committing the murders as well, while giving gorehounds an adequate dose of violent killing, stabbing, dismemberment, as well as a dose of explicit sex, all served up amidst some of the sickest one-liners and visuals since EATING RAOUL, giving the entire film an underlying sense of camp. Perkins does chew the scenery a bit too much as the love-anguished Norman, but PSYCHO III still emerges a grisly little winner that should not be ignored by those who usually scoff at major studio buck-snarfing sequels.





**G.G. EXCLUSIVE!** FROM HIS SUMMER HOME AT CRYSTAL LAKE, JASON VOORHEES RESPONDS TO THE CRITICS WHO FEEL THAT THE FRIDAY THE 13TH SERIES SHOULD HAVE BEEN LAID TO REST YEARS AGO. (Photo: Harry P. Ness)

**BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE CHINA-** One week after its July 3 release, this epic was better known as "Profuse Losses For 20th Century Fox" in film industry circles as the John Carpenter mega-buck actioneer inexplicably sounded a resounding thud at the box office. Admittedly a tenuous undertaking, Carpenter's attempt at concocting cinema's first adventure/comedy/kung fu/ghost story/monster movie is a wild, directionless, 100-minute roller coaster ride that pays little attention to plot explanation, or continuity, but erupts into a non-stop visual onslaught that makes **RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK** look like **MY DINNER WITH ANDRE**. Kurt Russell plays John Wayne-clone Jack Burton, a surly pig-trucker mixed up in a supernatural empire that lies beneath San Francisco's Chinatown. He and some slope head buddies attempt to rescue two sultry green-eyed women who have been kidnapped by a 2,000 year old sorcerer named Lo Pan for the purpose of youth rejuvenation. Along the way, the band fights unrelenting onslaughts of Ninja assassins, zombies, ghost warriors, bushido blade attacks, slime-fooling monsters and even a floating blob

with an eyeball in unrelenting comic book pace and surprisingly graphic gore considering **CHINA's** PG-13 rating. Russell's lame Duke impressions do get a bit grating after a while, but **BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE CHINA** is a manic action delight that did not deserve such audience apathy and critical lambasting. Catch it!

**ALIENS-** Perhaps after nearly six years of churning out this rag we've become jaded, but this summer's biggest box office smash from newly-proclaimed Hollywood whiz kid James (**TERMINATOR**) Cameron amounts to nothing more than an extremely overlong 140 minute mediocrity that could have been more accurately titled **MRS. RAMBO MEETS THE SPACE MONSTERS**. Taking extreme liberties with Ridley Scott's 1979 original, Cameron picks up his sequel 57 years later when Sigourney Weaver awakens from hyper-space hybernation to spin her monster tale to disbelieving authorities. They soon give credence to her warnings, however, as contact is mysteriously lost with a 157 person space colony living on the planet where Weaver claims to have discovered the beasts' nests. Saddled with an obnoxious crew of intergalactic marines, Sigourney and Co. find the colony devastated upon her return and soon are up against alien spawn by the dozens eager to devour them. Cameron stalls a full 65 minutes before showing any monsters, and then tends to lean heavier on firepower than bloodletting as the warriors battle the monsters with Chuck Norris-esque displays of exaggerated weaponry. Even Stan Winston's creature effects are a far cry from the slimy reptilian horror conceptualized in the first movie by H.R. Giger. Annoyingly displayed only in rapid cuts, Winston's aliens look like KY Jelly-drenched models salvaged from **THE DEADLY SPAWN** archives and are more likely to elicit laughs than screams. Weaver's constant pseudo-dyke macho bullshit is annoying as well and her dialogue during the finale showdown with the big mama alien ("Come and get me, you bitch!") is stupid enough to go down in the Ed Wood, Jr. Hall Of Fame, but at least it shows why the usually anti-gore Village Voice gave it a rave review. As for us, marathon liberated monster epics that are low on gore and high on tedium do not a classic make, and **ALIENS** clocks in as a disappointing sequel that comes nowhere close to realizing its full potential.

**MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE-** Having consistently panned Steven King over the years for virtually all of his cinematic ventures (**CAT'S EYE**, **CHRISTINE**, **SILVER BULLET**, ad nauseum), the humble staff of the **G.G.** are forced to eat crow and commend the dude on his first directoral effort. Expanding on his short story **TRUCKS**, King combines a blaring AC/DC metal soundtrack,

who mindlessness, top-notch gore and carnage into a preposterous yet winning mix concerning a radioactive comet that causes mechanical devices on Earth to revolt and stalk humans. Though OVERDRIVE'S plot has larger holes than those found in your average brothel, King allows little time for viewers to dwell on absurdities, assaulting from the flick's outset with an onslaught of bloody car crashes, mutilating electric knives and chain saws, bodies being squished by steam rollers, heads run over by semis, etc. in an unending display of grisly violence that should have gorehounds howling with glee. Teen heartthrob Emilio Estevez is laughably upstaged here by a mass of blood and sinew-splattered truck bumpers; his awkward love interludes with gnarly tomboy Laura Harrington accounting for the flick's only dull moments. In short, MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE is 97 terse minutes of moronic, violent exploitation fluff--- the kind of film mainstream critics love to trash and G.G. readers thrive on!

VAMP- First time director Richard Wenk brings us this sharp little hybrid of last year's FRIGHT NIGHT and ONCE BITTEN that should stand as a textbook example of how to make a near-perfect gore comedy. Three teens are sent to retrieve a hooker as part of their fraternity pledge initiation and wind up at the mysterious After Dark Club where stripper/succubus Grace Jones lures degenerates and untraceables to the back room to satisfy her insatiable blood lust. One of the boys is bitten in grisly Lucio Fulci Italo flesh-munching style and his pal spends the balance of VAMP'S 94 minutes trying to save his remaining friend and escape the cursed club. Along for this wild ride is Sandy Baron as the cockroach-eating owner of the seedy dive, a gang of albino punks and various sultry negresses who sport tusk-length, rotting vampire fangs. Ebony space case Jones was born to play this role, and director Wenk times her appearances sparingly and without any dialogue so that when she does appear on screen, viewers know something depraved is about to occur. These events include the sudden tearing out of an inept employee's heart with her taloned claws, repulsively graphic throat chomplings and her unexpected metamorphosis into a bald, saliva-dripping mutant, etc. that are certain to be lauded by horror fanatics, but may prove a bit much for mainstream moviegoers who thought the film to be a straight comedy via its misleading print ads. The flick's only shortcoming is that its overly-stylized lighting and arty camerawork make it look like an MTV epic length music video, but aside from that VAMP might just be the horror sleeper of the summer season!

FRIDAY THE 13TH PART 6- Not much space left as we go to press, but with a title like that, how could the film be anything else but a

parody? From the opening credits where the unflappable Jason imitates the patented James Bond intro through the finale where the hero taunts him by calling him "fuck head" and "maggot face", writer/director Tom McLaughlin crafts the flick as a gore cartoon. Clocking in at a scant 83 minutes, PT. 6's feeble plot revolves around young Tommy Jarvis (who as a kid killed Jason way back in F13:5) exhuming the body of the famed maniac from his grave to ensure that he is really dead. Of course, a coincidental lightning bolt strikes the maggot-rotted corpse and Jason is revived once again to continue his killing spree of copulating teens, burnt-out drunks and uppity ethnic types with various implements of mutilation. Nearly all 16 of the flick's murders required gore cuts to get an R rating from the MPAA, so gorehounds are urged not to blink during the mayhem lest they miss the few frames of bloodletting that made it intact to the final release print. The highlight of the film is easily the murder of Ron Palillo (the obnoxious wuss Arnold Horschack from the 1970's WELCOME BACK, KOTTER TV show) who gets his stomach torn out by Jason's bare hands at the film's beginning. (I guess the hockey-masked psycho thought the show really sucked, too!) In total, FRIDAY THE 13TH PART 6 is an entertaining, neo-slapstick gorefix for those who don't take their depravity too seriously.

RARE VIDEOS- Good quality copies of CANNIBAL GIRLS (a mid-70's Canadian rarity that featured the "gore warning bell" so you could look away if you didn't want to catch the despicable proceedings), THE MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND (one of the all-time G.G. favorites, this is the completely uncut theatrical print containing the rare intro encouraging you to drink some green blood before you watch the film), HOUSE BY THE CEMETARY (the complete 107 minute version of this Lucio Fulci splatter classic which ran only 83 minutes in the US--- contains lots more gore and is in English!), NOCHE DE WALPURGIS (released in the US in a heavily edited form as Werewolf Vs. The Vampire Women, this is the full uncut Spanish version of the Paul Naschy classic in complete X rated form, packed with gouts of gore and more Hispanic hooters and punky than you can shake a stick at! Note: This film is in Spanish, but its depravity level is multi-lingual), ILSA LIVE AT THE DIVE (a documentary filmed June 4, 1986 when the queen of exploitation appeared at the G.G. film series at The Dive in Manhattan on the unfortunate night of its closing. Features a lengthy speech, many anecdotes followed by Q&A and T&A., should prove invaluable to Johnson-working gorehounds. VHS ONLY! Send \$19.95 per title (plus \$2.50 postage) to the G.G., 73 N. Fullerton Ave., Montclair, N.J. 07042. Allow 4 weeks delivery.



**RICK SULLIVAN'S**

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# GORE GAZETTE

60¢

YOUR GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION & SLEAZE

No. 86



THE HAPLESS GENT PICTURED ABOVE HAS JUST HAD HIS EYEBALL SUCKED OUT BY A LOBOTOMIZED ZOMBIE FROM THE 5TH DIMENSION IN FROM BEYOND, THE NEWEST H.P. LOVECRAFT ADAPTATION FROM STEWART GORDON, THE DEMENTED MADMAN WHO BROUGHT US LAST YEAR'S GORE TRIUMPH THE RE-ANIMATOR. FROM BEYOND OPENS ON OCTOBER 24 IN THE NY METROPOLITAN AREA. CATCH IT!

gore diving into late summer/early fall's per crop of sleaze fare, a word of explanation readers who may have caught our rare double-standard in the lavish spread accorded the G.G. the September 8th, 1986 issue of PEOPLE magazine. Interviewing your editor on the horror/sci-fi releases of the season as well as the merits of gore films in general, when we responded that we found ALIENS to be the most overrated, drawn out piece of drivel we'd seen this year, the PEOPLE correspondent grew pallid and explained that the G.G. article was merely a closing piece to an in-depth profile of Sigourney Weaver and the box office success of ALIENS and that if we couldn't find anything positive to say about the film, perhaps they should find some other fanzine editor who could use a 3 million circulation plug...For nearly six years we've maintained our "untouchable" integrity, but the chance to spring the G.G. on mainstream America (as well as to skyrocket our subscriptions) proved too lucrative to pass up and we buckled under, giving the insipid sequel a phony "4 skull" rating to insure the piece on us was printed. For the record, ALIENS sucked, still sucks and always will suck! (See our heartfelt review in last issue) A sincere apology to longtime readers for this blatant "sell-out". Do we have your forgiveness?

COCAINE WARS - With all the hoopla across the country regarding "crack" and other related cocaine abuse, the granddaddy of exploitationucksters Roger Corman pushed this 1984 quickie into NY metro theatres with a hastily concocted malicious ad campaign which screamed "Torn from today's headlines!" Filmed in Mexico by Corman's current underpaid lackey Hector Olivera (BARBARA QUEEN), COCAINE has nothing to do with domestic drug trade and is in reality a confusing mess concerning undercover U.S. drug agent John Schneider (DUKES OF HAZARD) trying to nail a ruthless South American drug kingpin and expose his ties to a corrupt Latino government, while protecting a revolutionary who wants to overthrow the tyrants and instill good ol' American democracy in the oppressed land. Olivera adds the obligatory love interest in the form of a sassy U.S. photojournalist, but ignores the nudity, graphic gore and senseless violence needed to sustain all low-budget action potboilers of this calibre. As such, COCAINE WARS emerges a falsely-advertised farce devoid of any qualities that could make it even the least palatable torehounds. (Comic note: a G.G. dubious tasteaward has to go out to those wacky characters at the Fabian Theatre in Paterson, N.J., who must have given the area drug community a cackle with their double bill of COCAINE WARS and LOW "BLOW" - give these guys urine tests now!)

THE FLY - David Cronenberg's long awaited remake of the 1958 horror classic is a tough biscuit to digest upon first viewing with initial reactions labeling the film a talky soap-operic

hybrid of THE ELEPHANT MAN and the worst of existentialist lobster cinema with its elements sadly sidelined. But if one takes time to think about it for a few days and invests in a second admission ticket, you'll realize the perennial bad-boy David has hoodwinked mainstream cinemagoers and high-brow critics into praising his angst-ridden artfart scenario, but still packed the expected amount of gut-wrenching depravity and his truly warped disease-based humor to satisfy his longtime fans, while subtly poking fun at the geeks across the country who are legitimizing this gross-out classic. Borrowing little more than the title and basic plot premise of the original, Cronenberg casts Jeff Goldblum as an eccentric scientist who babbles corny lines to luscious journalist Geena Davis while working on a matter teleportation machine. In a fit of drunken jealousy after suspecting Davis is out doing the bone dance with her senior editor, Jeff tries to transport himself but unwittingly mixes his atoms with those of a housefly who is in the transfer chamber. Rather than emerge with a fly head and claw as in the original, Cronenberg has the scientist slowly metamorphosize into a giant insect, allowing the gore pyrotechnics of Chris Walas (GREMLINS, DRAGONSLAYER) a 50 minute showcase of pus-puking, flesh-rotting disfigurement, mutilation and even exploding baboons that will have sleaze mavens howling with glee as normal cinema patrons sob in sympathy over Goldblum's pathetic plight. Add to this a gratuitously dispicable abortion nightmare sequence (which nearly netted the film an MPAA X-rating) and an armwrestling spectacle wherein a redneck's wristbone is snapped right out of his skin, THE FLY becomes a challenging (albeit slow-moving) pastiche that ultimately satisfies and should reverse Cronenberg's career tailspin following the dismal box office failures of VIDEODROME and THE DEAD ZONE.

TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE II - Easily the biggest genre disappointment this year, horror fans who flocked on opening day to see this blasphemous sequel to one of the 10 sickest films ever made, must have thought they were viewing a SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE parody skit as inept hack Tobe Hooper and noted lobster auteur L.M. Kit Carson (PARIS, TEXAS) have reduced cinema's most frightening cannibal maniacs to cartoon parodies of the first movie with 3 Stooges mentalities that would have a hard time frightening a pack of girl scouts. What little story there is pits perennial burn-out Dennis Hopper as a chainsaw-toting lawman intent on exacting revenge on Leatherface & Co. who slaughtered his handicapped nephew, Franklin, in T.C.M. I a dozen years ago. He hotly pursues the newly named "Sawyer" clan, who currently run an award winning mobile chili restaurant and reside in the bowels of an abandoned amusement park. Only the cook (Jim Siedow) returns from the original film, with T.C.M. I alumni Gunnar Hansen, Ed Neal, etc. refusing to accept the small pittance



Israeli shysters Golan and Globus wrangled sequel rights) to recreate world-famous roles. Also new to the series "Chop-Top" Sawyer, another brother (supposedly Viet Nam during the first film) who obnoxious-ly chews the scenery while attempting unsuccessfully to be funny. Tom Savini's X-rated gore effects are excellent however, with ample skull-slicing, face and torso skinning, chainsaw disembowling and blood-spurting that set new levels for gore realism but look sadly out of place with the slapstick cornball tone created by Hooper and Carson. At CHAINSAW's finale, viewers are forced to watch an exact extended recreation of the "Grandpa" attempted slaughter sequence of the first film, leaving one to suspect that the legendary party animals involved in this production (Hooper, Carson, etc.) may have been more concerned with keeping their noses in the blow-jar than breathing some originality into an acceptable sequel of an acknowledged classic. Perhaps the blame for this fiasco lies with producers Golan and Globus, who still insisted on opening the film nationwide on August 22nd when it was still being shot in mid-July of this year in Austin, but regardless, TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE II is a moronic, cop-out parody that sadly tarnishes the name of its predecessor. Perhaps we're being a little harsh, but we didn't expect a toilet-humor sophomoric comedy in place of a horror film!

NIGHT OF THE CREEPS - Sadly overlooked by being released the same day as T.C.M. 2, this low-budget gore farce from first-time director/lifetime horror fan Fred Dekker is a well-crafted hybrid of RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD and THEY CAME FROM WITHIN that takes a while to get started, but ultimately becomes one of the wildest flicks of this season. Intelligently spoofing all facets of horror/sci-fi cinema, CREEPS begins in 1959 when an alien outlaw shoots a canister to Earth containing mutant brain-eating slugs that enter the human body through the mouth and feed on the brain, causing their victims to become murder-crazed zombies. These beasts are contained within a cryogenically-controlled cadaver until 1986 when two college freshmen attempt to steal the body for a fraternity prank, unleashing the monster slugs on campus. Once this lengthy plot is established, Dekker keeps the pace moving briskly and culminates in a rip-roaring 30 minute finale wherein teen zombie legions attack a sorority house while the flick's dorky heroes (with the aid of a friendly detective) set about blowing off the monsters' heads with shot-guns and burning the brain-slugs with a flame thrower! (With a plot this wild, you know sleaze stalwart Dick Miller just has to make a cameo appearance, which he does as a paranoid weapons officer.) F/X novice David Miller should be commended for his grisly carnage showcase throughout CREEPS' terse 85 minutes, as well as his slimy slug creatures that should make all but the most jaded quiver in disgust! NIGHT OF THE CREEPS is



SPLATTER TIMES EDITOR DONALD FARMER THROWS HIS HAT IN THE PRODUCTION ARENA WITH CANNIBAL HOOKERS, A DIRECT-TO-VIDEO TITILLATING GOREBATH BEING SHOT IN SUNNY FLORIDA.

easily the gore sleeper of the summer and should be actively supported by all, as it is the rare occurrence of a horror film well made by a bona fide horror fan!

BULLIES - Paul Lynch, Canadian sleazemeister responsible for such past genre entries as PROP NIGHT and HUMONGUS brings us this tepid DELIVERANCE rehash concerning a mutant inbred hillbilly family who hold a small British Columbia frontier village in the thrall of terror and brutality and a young American teen with his timid step-father and mother who move in to town and attempt to stop the oppression. Moralistic sub-plots concerning divorce adjustment and respect for Indians are merely a smokescreen to cloud the flick's real intentions - to pack enough violence, rape, murder and ultimately revenge into 90 minutes to turn a quick profit for this glossy low-budgeter. Unfortunately, someone should have told Lynch that flicks of this ilk went out with the 1970's and Buford Pusser, and as such BULLIES is quite the predictable exploitation dinosaur containing not enough gore, nudity or action for recommendation to even the most fanatic action completist. (Interesting note: BULLIES' production executive was none other than Ray Sager, ex H.G. Lewis alumnus best remembered for his performance (?) in the title role of THE WIZARD OF GORE)

**FORM SCHOOL GIRLS** - After scoring a box office smash with 1982's penultimate "sluts-in-the-slams" classic **THE CONCRETE JUNGLE**, director Tom Simone returns to parody the popular sub-genre with this bad-taste send up of womens' prison flickies. Packed with the cream of exploitation leaze queens like Sybil Danning, ex-Warhol divine clone Pat Ast and ex-Plasmatic headbanger Andy O. Williams (with only Linda Blair conspicuous by her absence), **REFORM** recycles the timeworn plot of how a young innocent struggles to survive a corrupt, inhuman prison administration while working with a bleeding heart psychiatrist to expose the abhorrent conditions at the reformatory to the outside world. Along the way, de Simone packs the film with the obligatory catfights, shower scenes and carpet-munching encounters one has come to expect from prison fare, but shies away from explicit violence and graphic bloodletting in favor of foul-mouthed cornball humor. Williams steals the show in her film debut as head dyke prisoner Charlie who avorts through most of the movie in a black S&M bikini branding nubile new prisoners on the buttocks with a white hot coat hanger and delivering such deadpan epithets as "I'm the only stud you'll ever need, bitch!", etc. Gorehounds who take their womens' prison movies seriously might not enjoy the film's lighthearted approach to some gritty leaze situations, but **REFORM** **SCHOOL GIRLS** succeeds as a black humor, tasteless lampoon of sadism in the cinema that earns at least a B+ for breathing some originality into a predictable genre.

**DEAD END DRIVE-IN** - Possibly the worst event to befall modern Australian exploitation cinema was the overwhelming crossover success of George Miller's 1979 **MAD MAX**, as for almost a decade now every kangaroo humper who manages to scrape together a few bucks and land a 16mm camera has been force-feeding his vision of a futuristic post-nuke punk society via Grade Z low-budget exports to unsuspecting patrons of the world. **DEAD END** is no different, spinning a snail's pace tale of an outdoor movie theatre in 1992 where unsuspecting juvenile delinquents are imprisoned for being government dissenters. This type of drivel has been re-hashed a thousand times before via numerous faceless Aussie and Italian imports and Brian Trenchard-Smith's most recent effort offers nothing to differentiate itself from similar drone operas. The Mel Gibson clone in this bore-fest delivers his lines as if his mouth were packed with dog turds, while the resplendent bare hooters of alluring Natalie Mc Curry are the only attention grabbers in this pitiable goreless snooze-a-thon. Easily one of the worst films to be released this year, perhaps **DEAD END DRIVE-IN**'s embarrassing box office performance will stem the tide of these **MAX** impersonators once and for all!

**TENEMENT** - Roberta Findlay, dyed-in-the-wool exploitatress best known for perpetrating the **SHUFF** film scam back in 1976 and also for havin' her husband decapitated when his helicopte crashed into N.Y.'s Pan Am building proves that she has not been brushing up on her filmmaking skills during her inactive mourning years. Originally filmed as **GAME OF SURVIVAL** back in 1984, **TENEMENT** is a crudely executed, X-rated-for-violence howler about a South Bronx street gang that lays siege to an apartment building after the tenants have them evicted from the basement by the NYPD. Once this simple premise is set in motion, Findlay & Co. spend the balance of the flick's 92 minutes showing the punks stabbing, hacking, shooting and mutilating innocent citizens in M.G. Lewis-style cheesegore until the tables are finally turned on them in a predictable final reel. It's hard to find this kind of ineptly grisly no-budgeter playing in theatres these days, so gorehounds should forgive the many flaws of **TENEMENT** and bask in its unrestrained violence and overt sadism that gives Roberta the dubious honor of being the Andy Milligan of the 1980's.....

**RARE VIDEOS**- Good quality copies of Lambert Sava's **DEMONS** (still the leading contender for the coveted **G.G.** Gorefilm of The Year Award and not due in domestic video stores until March 1987), the completely uncut **BREAKFAST AT THE MANCHESTER MORGUE** (the legendary British classic that has only made it to these shores in heavily edited form as **Don't Open The Window**) Ray Dennis Steckler's newest outing **THE HOLLYWOOD STRANGLER MEETS THE SKID ROW SLASHER** (for fans of Ed Wood-style cinema only!), Wm. Greif's elusive (for a good reason) **DEATH CURSE OF TARTU**, the outrageous **CRIPPLED MASTERS** (the all-time favorite trailer of patrons of the lamented **G.G.** Film Series at The Dive, this kung-fu import features real freaks who are tormented at the hands of a tyrant and come back as an armless/legless kung-fu killing machine--recommended!), the all-new **G.G. WHITE TRASH TRAILER SHOW** (by popular demand and titled thus because we got tired of numbering them, yet another 80 plus minutes of shocking exploitative trailers featuring such sexploitation rarities as Russ Meyer's **Vixen**, **Let Me Die A Woman**, **I Drink Your Blood**, **Rich White Trash**, etc. Easily our best trailer compilation to date!), and finally another **G.G. SURPRISE TITLE** that simply cannot be mentioned here. (Hint: It was given a negative review in the pages of the **G.G.**, but some people liked it a lot--after all not everyone digs the same type of chilli, right?) For the identity of this mystery offering, drop a self-addressed stamped envelope to the **G.G.** c/o our master logo. All titles are in **VHS ONLY** and are only \$19.95 each (plus \$2.50 postage). Please allow 5 weeks for delivery. Send checks, cash money orders or your good-looking sister to the **G.G.** c/o our masthead address. Order today!